

Sons Coffee House Tavern
June 1

Don Ricardo Honeywater

VINDICATED.

[Price One Shilling]

Don Ricardo Howeyman

VINDICATED.

[Price One Shilling]

1080. i. 33

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Don RICARDO HONEYWATER

VINDICATED.

Blass (Gil)
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In a LETTER to

Doctor SALGUOD,

Physician in Ordinary to His Royal
Highness the Prince of ASTURIA'S
Household, and *Man-midwife*: The re-
puted Author of a Scurrilous Pamphlet,
ENTITLED,

The Cornutor of Seventy-five.

WHEREIN

The *Malice, Ignorance* and *Self-sufficiency*
of that AUTHOR are fully Display'd, in several
Diverting Particulars of his *Life and Character*.
Written Originally in *Spanish*, and Published
at *Madrid* by the Celebrated Author of *Gil*
Blas. Faithfully Translated from an Original
Copy in the *Cotton LIBRARY*.

By *A. M.* a Graduate in Physic.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. PEN, near St. Paul's. 1748.

DON RICARDO HONEYWATER

VINDICATED

In a Letter to

Doctor SAL GUOD

Physician in Ordinary to His Royal
Highness the Prince of Asturias
Houthehl, and Assistant to the re-
puted Author of a Secretions Pamphlet
Pistones

The Cornutor of Seventy-five

WARREN

The late Governor and Sir A. ...
of that ... and fully ...
Dissertation ...
Written originally in ... and ...
as ... the ...
...
Copy in the ...

By M. M. a Graduate in M. D.

LONDON

Printed for E. P. ...

THE
Translator's Advertisement

TO THE
ENGLISH READER.

WHEN the first Edition of the *Cor-
nutor* appeared in *England*, I was
strongly tempted to believe the Whole a
Fiction, and the genuine Product of some
English Satyrift, who, under the borrowed
Name of *Don Cervantes*, and the Fable of
a Translation from the *Spanish*, had a Design
to bespatter the Reputation of some of our
First-rate Physicians: But upon the Ap-
pearance of the Second Edition, with all the
Pomp of Notes and Commentary, and a
Letter from my Acquaintance Senior *Ste-
phano*, Professor of Universal History in the
University of *Toledo*; I was obliged to re-
tract my former Opinion, and acquit the
B *English*

English Translator of a Forgery. And as I am naturally a Lover of the *Spanish* Language, and of the Manner of Writing, peculiar to Authors of that Nation, I was curious to read this Piece in the Original, believing it impossible for the *English* Idiom to come up to the Sublimity of Stile and Sentiment, so peculiar to Don *Cervantes*. I therefore made diligent Enquiry after the Translator, in hopes he would indulge me with the Loan of his *Toledo* Copy ; but for Reasons best known to himself, he would not part with it out of his Hands, and I had an Opportunity only of a cursory View thereof at his Apartment, which served but to heighten my Curiosity.

I also enquired for it of all the Booksellers who deal in foreign Books, and of several *Spanish* Merchants, and others, but to no Purpose ; at last, turning over some old Manuscripts in the *Cotton Library*, I met with a Copy of my *Cornutor*, an exact Duplicate of that the Translator had shewn me. I was now as overjoy'd as if I had found the Philosopher's Stone, and sat down to peruse it ; but was surpris'd beyond Measure to find bound up with it an Answer, intitled, *Don Ricardo Honeywater vindicated; in a Letter, &c.* After I had read them both with great Attention, I was more puzzled than before ; for I had taken the *Cornutor of Seventy-five* to have been really the Production of Don *Cervantes*, as the Title Page of both

both the *Spanish* Copies I had seen signified ; and yet the Answer bound up with it ascribes it to an obscure Physician, one *Salguod*, whom I had never heard of before. I communicated my Discovery to the Translator, and he own'd, that with all the Copies he had seen, the same Vindication was bound up ; but as he could not reconcile the Difficulty about the Authors, and as Don *Cervantes* had own'd this by a Writing under his Hand attested by the Seal of the University of *Toledo*, he thought he was justified in suppressing the Vindication, at least till he came at the true Secret of it. I could not help approving of his Conduct, and set myself upon searching the *Spanish* Commentators for a Solution to the seeming Absurdity, reflecting on the Character of two celebrated Authors ; for if Don *Cervantes* was not the Author of the *Cornutor*, why did he acknowledge it for his own ? On the other Hand, if it was his, was it not ungenerous and malicious in the Author of *Gill Blas* to charge it upon another, and rob *Cervantes* of the Merit ? At last, after a very troublesome Search, through many a heavy Ream of critical Lumber, I met with the Satisfaction I wanted : For in the Library of the celebrated Doctor *M****, I found the Works of Senior *Grimaldi*, consisting of ten large Folio Volumes, printed at *Venice* in the Year 1670. By the Help of an Index, I came at the Names of the Authors he men-

tions ; and, among the Rest, I found that of *Don Cervantes*. Senior *Grimaldi* gives us a very good Account of the Writings of that Author, with the several Circumstances which gave Rise to each of his Tracts ; and, among the rest, in mentioning the *Cor-nutor of Seventy-five*, he gives us the following History of that famous Piece : It is to be found in Page 597 of the seventh Volume. * At the Time (says *Grimaldi*) this Tract was published : ‘ There were many ‘ Divisions, Parties and Disputes amongst ‘ the Members of the College of Physicians ‘ at *Madrid*. The Profession was numerous, ‘ and Numbers of Quacks and Pretenders ‘ had insinuated themselves into Practice ;
‘ and

* The Reader is to observe, that there are two Authors of the Name of *Grimaldi*, one who wrote several Volumes on Natural History and Fossils ; the other, who is the Author I mean, was a Native of *Seville*, and printed several Pieces of Criticism, very much esteemed by the learned World : His Works came out originally in separate Tracts, and were occasionally published ; but Signior *Grimaldi* leaving *Spain* on some Disgust, settled at *Venice*, and spent the latter Part of his Days in revising his former Writings, and had them all printed together in ten Folio Volumes, which I believe are no where to be met with in *England*, but in that famous Library where I found them. I thought myself obliged to say thus much, least one *Grimaldi* should be taken for another, and my Reader disappointed in his Search after my Quotation.

‘ and by their Ignorance had brought the
 ‘ whole Profession into great Disrepute. The
 ‘ Press was loaded with Disputes relating to
 ‘ the Theory and Practice of Physic; and
 ‘ their Disputes carried on with so little good
 ‘ Manners, and Decency, that all Men of
 ‘ Letters were ashamed of their Manner of
 ‘ Proceeding. If any great Man died, whe-
 ‘ whether of a natural Disease, or by the
 ‘ Mismanagement of the Doctor, his Case
 ‘ was immediately made public, and the
 ‘ Argument handled with all the Scurrility
 ‘ and approbious Language that could be
 ‘ invented. New Methods of Practice were
 ‘ daily introduced by the conceited young
 ‘ Physicians, and old Nostrums contended
 ‘ for with ridiculous Obstinacy by the tena-
 ‘ cious Veterans. Every particular Member en-
 ‘ deavoured to set up for a Dictator, and loaded
 ‘ the Character of his Oponents with all
 ‘ the Obloquy he could pick up or invent:
 ‘ In a Word, every Branch of the medical
 ‘ Art exposed each other, and every individual
 ‘ Member of each Class was treated either
 ‘ as a Knave or Fool, by some or other of
 ‘ the differing Tribes, till even the Vulgar
 ‘ began to fancy the whole Profession a
 ‘ mere Trick, masked under the Cover of
 ‘ learned Obscurity, and held their Persons
 ‘ in the utmost Contempt. Amongst those
 ‘ who made the greatest Bustle in the Paper
 ‘ World, was one *Salguod*, an obscure Quack,
 ‘ who wanted to be known in any Shape,
 ‘ and

* and for that Purpose published Invectives
 * (in the most scurrilous illiterate Stile,) a-
 * gainst all Ranks of Persons. In this State
 * Don *Cervantes* found the Profession of
 * Physic, whereupon he resolved to ridicule
 * the Gentlemen of the Faculty out of their
 * several Foibles, and in particular that Spi-
 * rit of Defamation and personal Scandal
 * which prevailed in all their Writings and
 * Debates: For this Purpose he wrote the
 * rough Draught of a general Satire upon
 * the whole Fraternity, which he entitled
 * *HIPOCRATES on his last Legs, or Physic*
 * *on Crutches*. He shew'd the Manuscript
 * to some of his Acquaintance, and gave
 * Copies to two or three of his Intimates,
 * which were soon multiplied, and handed
 * about in private. At last one of these
 * Copies, by great Misfortune, fell into the
 * Hands of Dr. *Salguod*, who employed a
 * young Student of the University to new
 * model it into a personal Satire upon Don
 * *Ricardo Honeywater*, a Gentleman then
 * deservedly at the Head of the Physical
 * World, and esteemed as a Man of pro-
 * found Learning, Sagacity and Probity, a-
 * gainst whom this little Upstart had con-
 * ceived a personal Spleen, on Account of
 * his superior Excellence, which he had no
 * Hope of rivaling, but by endeavouring to
 * debase it, by lessening his Character and
 * Reputation. The Transpositions were
 * pretty naturally made by the Person he
 * employ-

‘ employed, for he had not Brains of his
 ‘ own sufficient to write a pocky Bill.
 ‘ However he had the Impudence to claim
 ‘ the Performance as his own, in secret, a-
 ‘ mongst his particular Acquaintance, and to
 ‘ publish it under the Title of the *Cornutor of*
 ‘ *Seventy five*, &c.

‘ It no sooner appeared in Print, tho’ thus
 ‘ metamorphos’d, but the Friends of Don
 ‘ *Cervantes*, who had seen it in Manuscript,
 ‘ under the Title of *HIPOCRATES on his*
 ‘ *last Legs*, immediately supposed the Al-
 ‘ teration to be his. He denied it, but to
 ‘ no Purpose; for still there was so much
 ‘ of his Manner and Spirit remain’d, that
 ‘ the Public swallowed it for his, in spite of
 ‘ his disowning it, and *Salguod* plumed him-
 ‘ self amongst his Associates upon his Pro-
 ‘ ductions being ascribed to so great a Man
 ‘ as Don *Cervantes*. The Don seeing the
 ‘ more he denied this Piece, the more his
 ‘ Friends were resolved to father it on him,
 ‘ thought it was not worth his while to dis-
 ‘ pute the Matter : But his Friend *Gil Blas*,
 ‘ who knew the Secret, and had fish’d out
 ‘ the Pirate *Salguod*, was resolved to treat
 ‘ him as he deserved, and since he had not
 ‘ the Sense to see that the original Satire fit-
 ‘ ted him better than any Body else, resolv-
 ‘ ed to take Revenge on him for the Insult
 ‘ offered the ingenious Don *Ricardo* in *Sal-*
 ‘ *guod*’s own Stile, and to rout him at his
 ‘ own Weapons ; and allowing him the
 ‘ Honour

' Honour of being the Author of the *Cornu-*
 ' *tutor*, (tho' he only employed one to botch
 ' it) wrote the following Answer, which
 ' was very well received by the Public, and
 ' was generally bound up with the *Cornutor*,
 ' which all the World allowed to be the
 ' Production of Don *Cervantes* in the Main,
 ' as he had furnished the Materials and the
 ' Spirit which makes it valuable.'

By this the Reader is enabled to explain
 the Riddle of the *Cornutor* being ascribed
 to Dr. *Salguod* in the Vindication, the Pub-
 lication of which at this Time I thought
 might not be disagreeable to the World, as
 there are Dr. *Salguod*'s in our Age as well
 as in Times past; and as all the Works of
 the ingenious Author of *Gil Blas* have been
 received with great Applause in *England*:
 But especially as we are let into the History
 of the Controversy, which gave Rise to those
 two Pieces, and are from thence enabled to
 form a just Notion of the amiable Charac-
 ter of that celebrated worthy Don *Ricardo*
Honeywater, who, tho' dead near a hundred
 Years ago, lives still in the Memory of all
 Lovers of Learning and Physic in *Europe*:
 For it may be said of him as an Acquain-
 tance of mine said of Mr. *Pope*, on hearing
 of his Death.

Pope dead --- Hush, hush Report, 'tis all a
Lie,

Fame says he lives --- Immortals never die.

A

A
L E T T E R
T O
Dr. *SALGUOD*, &c.

Learned Sir,

HOWEVER much you may be in Love with your precious self, and however high an Opinion you may have conceived of your profound Abilities in every Branch of the Medical Art, yet I'm much afraid, nay, almost convinced, there is no one Person on Earth with whom you are so little acquainted as with the valuable Dr. *Salguod*. Tho' you and he have eat and drank together for these forty Years at least, and admired that sapient Phiz of yours for an Hour or two every Day, and mused for Nights together on the superlative Extent of your Genius, there is still

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still something wanting to make you thoroughly acquainted with your intrinsic Worth and Significance : The Glass may flatter, your Imagination naturally warm, may deceive you, and represent your extraordinary Person and Character in a Light not absolutely just, and quite different from that in which they really appear in to the rest of Mankind, who know any Thing of you. Your great Hurry of Business, either in doing nothing at the Prince's Palace at the *Escurial*, or visiting your sick Patients, or delivering the labouring Fair, may possibly take up so much of your Time as to hinder you from the necessary Duties of Self-examination, and rob you of the ravishing Pleasure of beholding your identical self in that just and genuine Light that Nature plac'd you in : Especially, as you are so much busied in prying into the secret Characters of your Neighbours, and delighted with exposing their natural Failings and Foibles to the Public ; therefore, give me Leave, without Offence to your remarkable Modesty, to present you and the Publick with a Picture of yourself. I am fully persuaded you must be in Raptures with the Piece, since in it you will find yourself represented in the most agreeable Light, and making a Figure which you never once fancied yourself capable of. Every Line, every Feature is so strong, you can not mistake it ; I have taken Care to display every latent Talent,

Talent, and drag into full View every Virtue which adorn you, either as a Gentleman, a Man of Letters, a Physician, a Midwife, Author, and Poet, and made them so peculiarly your own, that no Man on Earth can lay the smallest Claim to them besides your self. If here and there a small Vice, a little Frailty, or so, strikes the Eye, you must pardon it, as necessary to constitute Light and Shade, the essential Properties of Painting ; for if all was ore continued Glare of blazing Merit, the Eye would be quite dazzled, and the Figure appear unnatural and confused. But before I proceed to draw the Curtain, let me expostulate with you as a Friend on your late Attack on the good old Don *Ricardo Honeywater*, in that inimitable adopted Child of yours surnamed, *The Cornutor*. I am not about to dispute your fatherly Title to that satyrical Brat, or enquire if it was legitimately begot in your own Brain : or if you took it up as a Fatherless Orphan, or club'd about the getting of it, no, I shall suppose which you will, tho' I shrewdly suspect it owes its original Matter to some other Artist, and that you have only cloathed its Nakedness with some borrowed Rags ; like *Prometheus*, you formed the Clay, but stole the Fire from some other Heaven to animate your Lump. The Figure it now makes, since you furnished it up, puts me in mind of the Monkey I have somewhere seen mimicking the

Nurse, and dressing a Child, sticking Pins into every Joint of it, till the poor Thing squaled its Heart out. But whether you are Father, or God-father, Nurse or Dresser, you are answerable for the personal Calumny with which you have interlarded it against my learned Friend.

General Satire we know to be useful to Mankind, and those who are possessed of Talents for that Manner of writing, are esteemed by learned Men, and respected as useful and edifying Members of Society; but personal Scandal, under borrowed and fictitious Characters, is despised, and the Authors abhorred by all Mankind. However, if you must bespatter the Reputation of others, in order to enlighten your own natural Obscurity, could you not have pitch'd upon some Name less revered, less esteemed by good Men, and more obnoxious to Censure, than the worthy Don *Ricardo*, whose Character is so refulgent, that all the Dust you throw serves only to make it appear more conspicuous, by attracting the Eye with stricter Attention, as smoaking a Glass enables us to look at the Sun? All the little Scandal you have vented, only displays the Impotence of your Malice, and recoils with double Force upon your own Head. If all you have said of him had been literally true, it could only serve to convince us, that Perfection is not to be found in the human Nature, a Truth we knew long before you were born; but
when

when every Line is stuffed with gross Falshood, and manifest Fiction, you and your Assistants have miserably misapplied your Time, and spent your small Stock of Wit only to make yourselves appear ridiculously malicious.

You set out with a Sneer upon the Don's Birth, which is an evident Demonstration of your Ignorance of the Nature of Satire, since to a Mind elevated above the Prejudices of the Vulgar, nothing can set him in a more agreeable or meritorious Point of Light, than to suppose him the greatest Man of the Family, and the Author of his own Advancement, which in Truth the Don owes only to his own intrinsic Excellence, and not to the accidental Favour of a fortuitous Generation. So that in Fact, where you intended a mortifying Reflection, and a virulent Satire, you have stumbled on an excellent Panegyric, for which, in the Don's Name, I take the Liberty to thank you.

You admit he had a liberal Education, but must have a Fling at the Gravity of his Aspect, and Slowness of his Expression and Apprehension, which you would pass upon your Readers for Dulness. Gravity, Sir, I know is no Attribute of yours, tho' Dulness may be, I might have said is; which is one Instance that a mercurial Disposition is not always the Prognostic of a brilliant Genius; and, perhaps, the Don may, with your Leave, supply another Instance, that
solid

solid Judgment and Gravity, are by no Means inconsistent ; the last of which never is mistaken for Dulness, but by such as have neither Wit nor Judgment themselves. But you happen to be so far mistaken in the Don's juvenile Character, that there was not a Youth at the University of a gayer Disposition, a more pregnant Genius, or ready Wit. This I had not only from the Don's Friends, but from his Cotemporaries at the University, and his Gravity was far from being the only Motive which determined his Relations to advise him to the Study of Physic, that they were averse to it, imagining it impossible for a Spirit so volatile as his then appeared, to acquire that Sedateness so necessary to the Practice of that noble Science ; and were only induced to it by the Professor, and his Tutor, who declared that besides a ready Wit, he had a penetrating solid Judgment, and an inquisitive Turn for, even the most abstracted Parts of Natural Philosophy, as a Branch of which, he first read Physic, and afterwards chose it for his Profession, as suiting his Love of Natural Knowledge, of which it is the most useful Branch, and of the greatest Importance to Mankind.

As to the Study of the Physical Fathers, as you call them, he read none of them, but as directed by the Professor ; who himself was far from being ignorant of their Utility, as you would insinuate ; and never
made

made any other Use of them, than to establish a rational Theory, as the Ground-work of his future Practice and Enquiry: In his Time the Writings of the Ancients were held in greater Esteem than now, therefore no Wonder if, at the University especially, he supported his Arguments with their Authority; but the puerile Story of the *Arabian City*, shews you wanted to fix upon him the Characteristic of Obstinacy, since he would rather forge a Case, than give up a weak Argument. But had it been true, it no more proved his Obstinacy or Ignorance of the Ancients, than your crude Conceptions in the Nursery of Religion and Notions of a Deity, can affect your religious Character at this Day. But it is strange a Story so public, as to become a Proverb, should be totally forgot by those who studied Physic at the same Time, and in the same College. Obstinacy, Sir, and Self-conceit, are so far from being Parts of the Don's Character, as you would insinuate thro' the whole of your *Cornutor*, that the very Reverse is true; for all Physicians who ever had the Honour of consulting with him, agree that he delivered his Opinion modestly, heard theirs patiently, and yielded as often as it was possible, without Danger to the Patient; and when young Practitioners have been employed with him, he encouraged them to differ with him, and either in a friendly Manner convinced them of their Errors, or
fell

fell in with their Notions if in any Measure rational, and has been the Patron, and Author of the Rise of more young Men in his Time, than any other Physician of the Age : For as his own Practice was always large, he never grudged sharing it with a deserving young Beginner. 'Tis true, he oppos'd the many Innovations introduced by Fops and Pretenders ; who no sooner came from the University, than they piqu'd themselves on some particular Method of Practice, founded on their raw Notions of a false and precarious Theory, without Experience ; but these he opposed not from any innate Obstinacy, or Attachment to the Modes of the Ancients, but from a Principle of Integrity and Conscience : For he, as all other wise Men acknowledge, knew that frequently a seemingly rational Theory, proves false when reduced into Practice, as there are likewise many Things in the Practice of Physic, which appear irrational, or at least cannot be accounted for, but by their Success, after a long Series of Experience. Now is it not reasonable to stick to that Method which is attended with Success, tho' we cannot assign the physical Causes of its Operation, rather than risk the Life of a Patient in trying new Experiments, tho' supported by a plausible Theory. Innovations in Physic ought to take Place by very slow Degrees, and a Physician can never be chargeable with Obstinacy or Conceit,

Conceit, who tenaciously follows that Method which he has in most Cases found successful: On the contrary, Conceit and Obstinacy are to be ascrib'd to, and the Ridicule pointed at those only, who from bare Conjectures of their own, and a Theory assumed merely from Books, would pretend to destroy the establish'd Rules of Practice, and tamper with the Lives of their Fellow-Creatures, for the sake of supporting a Singularity in Practice and Character. These are a kind of People the Don was a declar'd Enemy to, and never used his Interest or Authority more than to disappoint the Malice of such Quacks and Empirics.

As to your Sneers at the Don's Religion, they are beneath any Man's Notice, since most of the Circumstances are false. It's well known that the Don conform'd to the establish'd Religion of his Country after he was married, and at a Time when he had no rational Prospect of Advancement in the Air of a Court; consequently a Man of common Charity would have ascrib'd that Change to conscientious Motives, and not those you poorly hint at.—And of the same Stamp is his Introduction to the King's Physician, since it is notorious that the Gentleman to whose Countenance the Don was most indebted for his Introduction into Business, was not the King's Physician till some Years after the Don was able to stand upon his own Legs, and had

D long

long been Physician to an Hospital, to which Trust he was rais'd purely by his Merit.

Your Reflections upon his Writings shows both your Malice and Ignorance, since you have falsified the Chronology of all of them, put those first which should be last and, *vice versa*, play'd off most of your pointless Wit at such of his Works as are most esteem'd by all the learn'd World, who are no more to be laugh'd out of their Opinion of their Use and Excellence, by all the low Buffoonry you or your Associates are Masters of, than it is possible for you to raise the Don's Spleen, by the little Piece of Galantry you have father'd upon him at the Conclusion; which whether true or false, is told with a very bad Grace, and drawn, *mal-a-propos*, in a Work treating chiefly of Matters relating to Literature. This Part is truly your own, as is your Degression about Doctor Chimney, * whom you would endeavour to represent in a ridiculous mean Light, but his Character, like that of his worthy Patron, can receive no Damage from your Slander. You make him the Son of a Cocker for the Sake of the poor Clinch upon the Word Translator, a Term which sticks in your Gizzard for Reasons known to yourself, and some others, tho' it's notorious that he is the Son of a wealthy and reputable Glover in Cork, who was enabled to bring up his eldest Son to the Service of the Alter, his Second to his own Business, and
this

* See the Second Edition of the CORNUTOR.

this, his youngest Son, a Physician. He studied for some time, it's true, at *Paris*, but not on the Merit of a Refugeé, as you would hint, nor at the *English* College, where, if you had known any Thing of the Matter, you had known that none but *Englishmen* are admitted. He took his Degrees as other Physicians do, at a foreign University, and came over to *England*, not with an Itinerant Quack, as you say, but with a Physician of Merit, and Reputation, who took a Likeing to him at *Paris*, brought him over with him, and was so charm'd with his Merit and Conversation, that he prevail'd on him to stay some Months at his House in the West of *England*, and used him very generously when he parted with him to try his Fortune at *London*. You would willingly make us believe that Doctor *Chimney* was Pimp to this foolish Amour you have charg'd the Don with, when it's notoriously known that the Don's Acquaintance with that Lady commenced a dozen Years before the Doctor came into his Service: Neither is she or her Brother, whom you cunningly and invidiously represent as her Husband, of the same Nation with the Doctor, but born in *Spain*, in the City of *Madrid*, not a Thousand Paces from where they now live in great Reputation, visited by People of the best Fashion in the City, who would not shew them such Respect were she the reputed Mistress of Don *Ricardo*. As to the rest of your Story about him,

it's of kin to what I have already hinted at, and so I leave you to reflect with Confusion on your Guilt of being the Author, at least the Means of propogating such a heap of Falshood, to the Prejudice of the Character of Two Gentlemen so eminently deserving of the Publick, and so justly esteem'd by all Men of Taste and polite Literature, and hasten to entertain you with a Picture of your dear self in much such a Dress as that in which you have presented your *Cornutor*. I shall endeavour if possible to keep up to the Manner and Stile, and preserve, as much as may be, a Sameness between this Child of mine and your adopted Brat: Tho there must still be this material Difference, that every Article of mine is literally true, while yours is all Fable and ill apply'd Fiction. I know I do you too much Honour, in mentioning your obscure Name with that of the famous Don *Ricardo*, but if you are remember'd in future Ages with that renown'd Worthy, it must be like the Wretch who burnt the Temple of *Ephesus*; but I shall detain you no longer from the Sight, *Lege et delectare*.

A GENUINE
NARRATIVE
OF THE
Life, Adventures *and* Writings
Of the FAMOUS
Doctor SALGUOD, Phy-
sician, &c.

AT what Period of Time, or under what Princes Reign, the celebrated Doctor *Salguod*, the Subject of the following Pages, first drew Breath, is not very material to my Readers; and for much such Reasons, as induced the Author of the *Cornutor* to conceal the Chronology of Don *Ricardo*'s Birth, my Readers must pardon me, if I also veil that important Article: let it suffice, that this
Physical

Physical Comet, made its first Appearance in the *Spanish* Hemisphere, much about the Time, in which Don *Ricardo Honeywater* was elected Physician to an Hospital for the Cure of the Venereal Disease.

I think I may say his Descent was neither mean nor illustrious, but in an exact Medium betwixt both ; for his Ancestors on one side were above all Occupation, and on the other below it. He was born in the Province of *Catalonia*, amongst a People remarkable for their Loyalty to the House of *Austria*. His Mother, for I must (on a certain Account, which the Reader will discover by and by) begin with the female Side of his Geneaology, was Daughter to one of the *Aborigines* of that Province, who, like *Cincinnatus*, and other antient Worthies, was more delighted with the healthfull Exercise of the Plough than with the Luxury and Grandeur of a Court, to which no doubt his great Genius, and the Antiquity of his Family entitled him. He employ'd himself like the Antient Patriarch, in managing his Flocks and Herds, and tilling the Ground. Its true, by the Malice of Fortune, and the Greatness of his Spirit, which was above the vile Employment of raking Wealth together, he had not more than a Sheep or two, one Cow, a Mule, and an Ass, nor any Possessions he could properly call his own ; for he was so charm'd with the Simplicity of a Rural Life, and the
manly

manly Occupation of a Husband-man, that, rather than be idle, he vouchsafed to till the Grounds of a Gentleman on whose Domain he liv'd, and to tend his numerous Flocks, which he did in Immitation of that Father of the *Jews*, who serv'd *Laban* for Fourteen Years, a notable Example of the great Condefension of his Spirit, especially, as he was a *Spaniard* and a *Catalonian* too. The good Man brought up his Children in the same Simplicity of Manners, and taught them this uncommon Doctrine in his Country, that there could be nothing so dishonourable as a Life spent in Idleness: Therefore he kept them all employ'd as soon as they could crawl. Among other Children, he was so happy as to be possess'd of the Beautiful *Cyndaraxa*, who was his Darling. He kept her at Home, as long as he thought convenient, but when she was grown up to the Age of Sixteen or Seventeen, and her Charms became the Talk of the whole Province, he prudently considered, that it was necessary to improve her Mind to make it correspond with the Perfections of her Person; and resolving that she should be an expert Housewife, and skill'd in all the Misteries of Soups, Ragous and Olio's, he plac'd her under the Care and Direction of his Patron's first Cook; and as it is a Custom in that Part of the World, as well as in *England*, that every Woman, should be distiguish'd by some Title,
such

such as that of Spinster, &c. he chose for his Daughter the significant Addition of Skullion: a Term, however mean it may sound in modern Ears, yet in that Age of Simplicity, it imply'd Care and Cleanliness, two very necessary Qualifications of a Lady of any Rank.

In this high Sphere, *Donna Cyndaraxa* the Skullion, shone with eminent Lustre, and became the Subject of the Admiration of all her Fellow-domesticks. At last her Beauty and rare Accomplishments attracted the Eyes of the Don her Master who piqued himself upon being possess'd of so inestimable a Jewel, and eat his Olio's with the higher Relish, as he knew that the Plates and Dishes were wash'd by the Delicate Hands of his Charming *Skullion*.

The Grandees of that Country are remarkable for Pride, and we are not to wonder if it was some Months before he would condescend to converse with one who was not of so high Degree as himself; but Curiosity, and something else, got the better of his Pride at last, and he commanded his *Major Domo* to order *Cyndaraxa* into his Presence; she came blushing as the Morning Sun, and made her Obeysance to the Don with such a bewitching Grace, that he was quite in Raptures. It was necessary in order to keep up the solemn Gravity of his Aspect, to conceal his Emotion from the *Major Domo*,
who

who had usher'd in the Fair One. Therefore he thought of a Message to send him on, then shut the Door of the Appartment, and sat him down on a Couch by which the lovely Skullion stood. Love soon inspired him with the properest Address, and Words to declare his Passion, in all the soft Terms of moving Eloquence. *Cupid* was propitious to him, and pour'd a Philter into her Ear, which banish'd Maiden Fears, and all the Qualms of love-starving Honour. She faintly deny'd the Youth, (for the Don was then a young Batchelor) he press'd harder, till with a willing Coyness she trembling fell upon the Couch, over which I shall draw the Curtain, and close the Scene.

The Don was so prodigiously pleased with the unreserv'd Submission of his beautiful Domestic to his Pleasures, that he grew daily more and more enamour'd of her (such was his peculiar Taste) instead of being cloy'd by her Frankness: and, in the Flow of Spirits, that this Affair gave him, he compos'd the following Sonnet on his Mistress, which has been universally admir'd for the free and jovial Spirit that breaths in it; and [was long ago translated into *English* by one of our first-rate Poets, who however had the Assurance to give it the World as his own Original.

I

Cindaraxa, kind and good,

Has all my Heart, and Stomach too:

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She

She makes me love, not hate, my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.

II

And as she's fair, she can impart
That Beauty to make all Things fine,
Brightens the Floor with wond'rous Art,
And at her Touch the Dishes shine.

III

When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan's* Cell,
Which all but I a Coal-hole call,
Fly! fly! ye that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

However in about nine or ten Months after the Don's Intimacy with the fair Skullion commenc'd, she was seiz'd with a strange kind of Cholick, which an old Woman that was sent for, eas'd her of, by delivering her of a chopping Boy, which proves to be the celebrated Doctor *Salguod*. At the Time of his Birth, there were some Disputes about the Identity of the Father, for it seems the Knight's Postilion was frequently sent of Messages to the fair Skullion, and was supposed to have had a Finger in the Pye as well as the Don. The Matter was never thoroughly settl'd, but as the Postilion's Name was *Salguod* as well as that of his Master, the Boy was call'd *Salguod* and maintain'd

maintain'd in the Family without much Dispute about who was his Father; but what inclines me to believe that the Postilion at least club'd for the getting him, is that he afterwards married *Cyndaraxa*, and lived in a small Cottage not far from the Don's House. The Boy grew up in the Kitchen, and was employ'd till ten or twelve Years of Age, in the important Offices of the Skultery, and now and then condescended to turn the Spit, for Jacks were not very common in *Catalonia* in those Days.

The Don his Father, or Master, which the Reader pleases, it seems married, about a Year after our Doctor was born, a Daughter of one of the *Grandeos* of *Spain*, by whom he had several Children. When the eldest Son of this Marriage was about seven or eight Years old, he took a liking to his Brother of the Skultery, and prevailed on his Mamma to rig him out decently to be as it were both Companion and Servant to him. In this Manner young *Salguod* the first was taken from the meaner Employments of the Kitchen, and came under the Direction of the young Gentleman's Tutor, and was permitted to acquire from his Masters as much Learning as he had a Genius for: he attained to write, read and cast Accompts, and in four or five Years learn'd so much of the *Latiu* Tongue, as to be able to construe his Accidence; but at the End of that

Period he chanced to be guilty of some little Inadvertancy in his Discourse to his young Master, who ordered his Footman to give him the Strapado: The young Doctor that was to be, resented this high Indignity, as became a Youth of Spirit, and had the Courage to tell the young Don he was as nobly born as himself, and that it did not become him to treat his elder Brother in that scurvy Manner. Hereupon the *Spanish* Blood was up, and a Complaint of his Insolence carried to his Mother, who prevailed on her Husband to turn the unfortunate Offender out of Doors, and ordered him to his reputed Father the Postilion. This Change only rais'd the Resentment of the Sufferer to a higher Pitch. He scorn'd to live in a mean Cottage, who had been so long accusom'd to a Palace. He might have retir'd, it's true, to his Grandfather's little Seat, but this, tho' a Structure of great Antiquity, was too much out of Repair to afford an Apartment for so accomplish'd a Squire; therefore he resolv'd to banish himself from all his great Relations, and go in quest of Adventures, not doubting, but his intrinsic Merit, which he found daily swelling to an immense Bulk within him, would at last enable him to be reveng'd of his haughty Brother, as he still would call him, in spite of the Postilion, who was proud of owning so hopeful a Youth.

This

This Resolution was soon executed, his Equipage being quickly got ready; for, like other great Philosophers, he could say *omnia mecum porto*: and so set out on foot for the next Town. On the Road, he chanc'd to overtake an eminent Physician going to visit one of his Patients. This renowned Sage was of that Class of Men who don't think great Abilities should beget Pride or Ostentation. He was above adding to the Eclat of his establish'd Fame, by the needless Pomp of a fine Coat, a large Wig, and a gilt Chariot; no, he knew his Name was sufficient to recomend him, and his Success to enlarge his Practice, without these troublesome modern Appendages of medical Dignity. He, good Man, was contented with a Plain Suit, the Older and Courser the Better, and was so condescending as to be his own Apothecary, and carried his Shop and all his Implements on his Back. In a Word, this Gentleman, who, in the Sequel, proved *Salguod's Physical Father*, had as much primitive Modesty and Simplicity of Manners as his Grand-father by the Mother's side, whose Manner of Life I have already describ'd.

The Doctor was possess'd of many rare Secrets, particularly adapted to the Cure of that troublesome Disease the Tooth-ach, and Corns; and his Knowledge was so extensive, that he knew how to shave as well

as any Barber in *Spain*, and his Humanity so unbounded that he extended his Clemency even to the Brute Creation ; would prescribe a Drench for a Horse as well as any Farrier in *Catalonia*, and geld a Sow, or spley a Heifer with any Operator in the *Castilian* Monarchy ; in a Word, he was a compleat Physician, and skill'd in all the Branches of the medical Art ; tho' we Moderns would be at a Loss to find a proper Name for his Occupation, and be apt to conclude him properly a Barber Surgeon, Sow Gelder and Farrier, but that is owing to our Ignorance of the Pristine Simplicity of the Antient Fathers in Physic, who all practic'd in this Manner ; and its very well known, that the God of Physic was no other than a Corn-cutter : but enough of this Doctors Character.

The Day was sultry, and the old Gentleman pretty much stricken in Years. Seeing young *Salguod* going the same Way, he enter'd into Conversation, and at last beg'd of him to carry his Shop, for which he promis'd him six Reals at the next Village. The Youth, whose Finances were very low, accepted the Offer and equip'd himself with the Medical Chest. They trudg'd it along slowly till the Evening, when they arriv'd at the Village, and put up at an Inn where the Doctor had a Patient labouring under the Distemper of Corns of a very malignant kind,

kind. *Salguod* saw the wonderful Operation perform'd, and was charm'd with the old Man's Art. Some of the Neighbours hearing of the Arrival of the famous Doctor, flock'd to the Inn in Shoals, some for the Cure of Corns, some for the Tooth-ach, some with Lane Horses, and others with numberless Maladies incident to Men and Beasts, who all receiv'd immediate Ease from this *Esculapius*, and loaded him with Reals, his usual Fees. *Salguod* seeing so much Money got in so little Time, and with so much Ease, took a great Fancy to the Profession of Physic; and not to detain my Reader long on trifling Circumstances when we have so many Affairs of Importance to discuss, I must acquaint them, that young *Salguod* enter'd into a Treaty with the Doctor, by the Articles of which he became engaged to carry his Medicinal Chest and Tools for the Space of seven Years, and the Doctor, on his Part, and in Consideration of his Service, bound himself to communicate to him every Scrap of all that Mass of physical Science of which he was possess'd, and to teach him to cure Man and Beast of all the Diseases they are liable to.

It would be tedious to relate all that happened to young *Salgoud* during the seven Years, or give a Journal of the Cures he and his Master wrought; its enough for my Purpose and the Readers, to know, that at
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the Expiration of the Treaty, *Salguod* turn'd out the most expert traveling Physician, Farrier, Corn-cutter, Surgeon, or what you please to call him, in all *Catalonia*. But least he should interfere with his Master's Practice, and that he might enlarge his Sphere of Fame, he left that Province, and appeared in various Shapes, to have the better Opportunity of exercising his great Talents. Sometimes he was so humble as to carry a brown Musket in the Service of his Catholic Majesty, and at other Times, when Peace made Arms useless, he vouchsafed to wear the Livery of a certain Man-midwife of the same Name, from whom it's supposed he received the first Hints of that Branch of his Profession. After various Perigrinations and the Performance of many wonderful Cures, he at last arriv'd at *Cadix*, where an Itch of seeing the wide World seiz'd our young Doctor more violently than ever. An Oppprtunity soon offer'd to gratify this laudable Inclination, for a Ship bound for the Coast of *Guinea*, on the slaving Trade, chanc'd to want a Surgeon. The Business was indeed beneath a Man of *Salguod*'s Knowledge and Reputation, but his Itch to travel, got the better of his Pride, and he undertook the Office of Surgeon to the Ship, for the Consideration of two Pistoles a Month. She soon sail'd, and *Salguod* lik'd the Sea so well, that he continued

nued in that Employment for two or three Years, and was very well esteem'd by his Owners, both on Account of his Chirurgical Capacity, and for another Qualification, which he had acquired on Ship-board. It happen'd, that in the Passage to the *Spanish* Plantations from *Guinea*, one or two of the Negro Female Slaves fell in Labour, and wanted such Assistance as the Tars could not afford them; the Surgeon was apply'd to for Advice, and tho' he was as much to seek in that kind of Business as they, yet, out of good Nature, he would do all in his Power to relieve the Distress'd; in short, he went down to the Hold, commenc'd Man-midwife, and had very good Success in three or four Tryals he had Occasion to make during his Stay in the Merchant's Service, which convinc'd him there was nothing that his Genius was incapable of. At this time the Profession of Man-midwife was become much in Repute in *Spain*, and the Female old Women were generally discarded by People of Fashion, while those of the Masculine Gender were liberally rewarded for their Assistance, especially on difficult Occasions. Finding this Business to be very lucrative, Mr *Salguod* soon determin'd to profess it, for his want of Skill, Experience, or Abilities were Difficulties that never enter'd his Noddle; he only consider'd on the properest Way to make himself known at

Madrid, the only Place wherein he expected his bright Parts would appear to the greatest Advantages. Wisely reflecting that a Diploma of a Doctor's Degree would be a very good Passport; and knowing there were Universities where he might graduate his Mule for Money if he pleas'd he therefore could not imagine, they would refuse a Degree to him for the same valuable Consideration, who had at least as much Sagacity as that Animal. He had saved a year or two's Wages, with which he quits *Cadiz*, and travels for a certain University, from whence he brought those significant Letters which he added to his Name, *viz.* M. D. And now our learn'd Doctor, after many Adventures on the Roads, which I have not Leisure to relate, arriv'd safe at *Madrid*, and after resting a Day or two at an Inn incognito, till he had procured some of the necessary Badges of his new Dignity, he cast about for Lodgings, suitable to the Station of a Physician. He would have hired a handsome House at once, but the Rents of this City are so unconscionably high, and Furniture so plaguy expensive, it did not Suit with the Doctor's Pocket; and wisely considering, that his Fund might fall short if he liv'd high, and that Temperance would contribute to his Health, as well as agree with the Circumstances of his Pocket, he put up at an eminent Chandler's Shop, where he could be supply'd

supply'd with simple Bread, Cheese and Small Beer, without being put to the Trouble and Expence of keeping a Valet to send out for other Dainties or going to an Ordinary. He lodg'd in the first Floor, but it was that next the Heavens, for he hated the Damps of the lower Stories, and scorn'd that Any-body should be more elevated than himself.

His Habit, and assumed Gravity, soon gave the Family to understand that their Lodger was a Doctor; and he took an Opportunity to let them into the Secret, that he likewise profess'd *Man-midwifery*; which mightily heighten'd the Opinion of the good Land-lady, and her Gossips, of which she had great Numbers on Account of her Business in the Chandlery Way. In a little Time, our Doctor was known all over the Neighbourhood, and he had the Honour after three or four Months Recess from Business, to be call'd to visit an eminent Cobbler in the same Street whom he had the ill Fortune to see go to his Grave, in spite of his great Skill. However, this did not discourage the Doctor, who hop'd this Miscarriage would not hurt his Reputation. Nevertheless, it had some small Effect, for he got not another Patient for ten Months after; he might, its true, have got Money in the Practice of Surgery, and Farriery, but he scorn'd any thing that was manual, except Midwifery, and would rather starve than prostitute the Doc-

torial Dignity, by Acting in an inferior Branch. Hence his great Merit lay long in Obscurity, and his Revenues began to grow very much out of order: his *Exchequer* was quite empty, his *Bankers* daily return'd his Notes unanswer'd, and his Creditors, for the important Articles of Bread, Cheese, &c. to his Household, become very clamorous; his Physical Cloak was a little out of repair, and his Wardrobe in general in a ruinous Condition. In a Word, he was in a sad Plight, with nothing but Hope, Patience and Philosophy to support him under all those adverse Strokes of Fortune: He regretted a thousand Times his quitting the Sea, and now and then wish'd his Diploma at the Devil, or that he might exchange it for his old portable Laboratory; but Fortune help'd this great Man out at a Pinch, and set him once more on the Pinnacle of Prosperity. He happen'd to be call'd to visit an eminent Taylor, who for the Convenience of Light, had his Shop-Board in a Shed adjoining to one of the neighbouring Houses, and had in that manner amass'd together great Wealth. The Taylor being sick the Doctor prescrib'd to him, and had the Honour to set him once more, *rectus in Curia*. This gain'd him the Esteem of the grateful Tradesman, who invited him frequently to honour his Table with his Company. The Taylor had an only Child, a
 Daughter

Daughter of rare Beauty, and uncommon Qualifications, on whom he doated, and resolv'd to make Heirefs of all his Wealth. This worthy Mechanic was desirous of raising his Family, by an Alliance with some Person of Figure and Consequence; and who should he pitch upon but Doctor *Salguod*. Tho' the Notion of a Taylor's Daughter did not lie easy upon the Doctor's Stomach; yet the Impetus of Hunger got the better of his Pride, and he wisely snatch'd at the Damsel, to whom he was married with great Pomp: The Father new furnish'd his Son-in-Law's Wardrobe, took him home to his own House, prevail'd on him to honour his Roof for two or three Years, and afterwards found means to set him up in a pretty decent House of his own, by which he gain'd some few Patients, tho' not sufficient to support him. However the Figure he now made, procured him Credit, on which he subsisted a little longer. But nothing on this side the Grave is permanent, a Reverse came; for the Doctor sometimes chanc'd to treat his Lady with more Freedom than she was dispos'd to bear. This at last bred a high Quarrel, which the Doctor terminated by turning Madam out of Doors. The Father resented this, and wanted to bring him before a *Cady* for a large Sum of Money, accumulated for Board, and other Outlayings since the Marriage. This Demand

mand the Son-in-law was not able to satisfy ; therefore he prudently retir'd from the Storm, and permitted his Physical Talents to remain under a Cloud for some Time. At last Fortune smooth'd her Brow, and our Doctor was again enabled to laugh at the Malice of his Enemies. For about this Period, there was an Order for a Convocation of all the Clergy in *Spain*, the Chapter and Parishoners of every Cathedral Church, being empower'd to elect two Proxies to represent them in the national Synod. A Spirit of Dissertation possess'd the People at this Time, and they became very much divided in their Opinions about the Choice of their Proxies. The Archbishop and the Dean recommended some, but an opposite Party recommended others, who, generally speaking, were more agreeable to the Mob, than the Favorites of the Archbishop. The Grantees were some on one side, some on another, as their Interest led them. Doctor *Salguod*, had now an Itch to turn Statesman : He therefore espous'd the popular Side, as there happen'd to be among the Mob more of his Acquaintance than on the other ; and he hoped by that Means to make himself known. In order to this he mounted a Carr, adorn'd with Flags and Pendants, and rode through all the publick Streets in the City and Suburbs, bawling out the Names of the Popular Proxies, and drinking at all
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the Publick Houses as he went, where he had some of his mob Companions purposely station'd to salute him by his Name, and entertain the Crowd, when he was gone, with an Account of the wonderful Cures he had wrought in the Physicall Way, and the many dangerous Births he had assisted as a Man-midwife. But as it happened, his Party were outwitted for that Bout, by a Trick from the opposite Side; however, a few Months after, Matters were set to rights, and the Doctor instituted a Society in Commemoration of the great Atchievements of the Party on that Occasion, and solemniz'd the Aniversary of their Glorious Struggle with the same Pomp and Ceremony as if he and his Friends had sav'd the whole *Spanish* Monarchy from Destruction; tho' God knows they had very little Hand in the Revolutions which happen'd soon after at the Archbishop's Palace; however they attributed the Honour of every thing to themselves, and kept their wise Assembly, at which the Doctor always assisted, for several Years after, till they expos'd themselves to the Ridicule of all the sober People of *Madrid*. But the Doctor had in some Measure his End, for by his officious Medling in that Affair, tho' quite out of his Sphere, and in a manner ill becoming the Gravity of a Physician, he recommended himself to the Patronage of some of the Leaders of the Faction, by whose Interest he

was nominated Physician to the Household of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Asturia*; and by their Generosity was enabled to set up his Chariot as the last necessary Badge of Physical Excellence. He was no sooner possess'd of this Piece of Equipage, than he was seen every Day in all the Streets of the City, tho' he had nothing else to do but to air his Horses. He order'd Letters for himself at all the Publick Coffee Houses, and kept two or three Porters in constant Pay to trot after him wherever he went, and hurry him out of all Companies to some fictitious Patient, who wanted him that Minute. In a Word, to do him Justice, he left no Artifice untry'd to push himself into Business and Reputation; but all would not do; his Acquaintance and Friends chanc'd to be mostly of an unfavorable healthy Constitution, and were not often enough sick to gratify the Doctor's Itch of Practice: Therefore he bethought himself of another Method of letting the World know there was such a valuable Personage in Being, who had the Honour to be Physician to his Royal Highness, and Man-midwife. To advertise himself in the News Papers, or upon Pissing Posts, he thought would look too much like a Quack, and his original Profession. Therefore he would not take that Method of publishing his Existence, yet he wanted much to see his great Name in Print, with
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all its pompous Additions: To bring this about, he bethought himself of turning Author, for which the Debates among the Members of the College afforded him an excellent Opportunity; For at this Time, a very ingenious Gentleman, who had studied at *Padua*, and taken the Honourable Degree of *Profyndic* at that University, came to settle at *Madrid*; and having discover'd the phlegmatic, grave Disposition of the *Spaniards* in general, when compared with other Nations with whom he had been conversant, form'd a Scheme for rendering them more alert and volatile, by depriving them of a large Quantity of their Blood, and plentifully purging off the gross Humours which affected their Understandings with that Slowness of Speech and Apprehension for which they are so remarkable. This Nation in general are tenacious of their old Modes, and particularly fond of their Blood, which they could not be prevail'd on to part with in such Quantities as the *Profyndic* prescrib'd, and *Salguod*, as obstinate as the Rest, declar'd openly against this Innovation in Physic. A Patient of some Rank of the *Profyndic's* died, and the Ill-natur'd Physicians whisper'd he had been purg'd and bled to Death. The *Paduan* Doctor publishes the Case, and challenges the whole College of *Madrid* to find Fault with his Practice. The old and wise despis'd the Invitation, and scorn'd to enter

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the Lifts, but our Doctor thought this a noble Opportunity to display his Talents, and to blazon his Name in Print. Though no Member of the Medical College, and consequently no ways concern'd in the Challenge, yet he resolves to take up the Cudgels; but how to execute this Resolve was Matter of serious Consultation. He had an Itch to write and say something in Answer to this Case, but how, or what, he knew not, for his own Abilities were not sufficient either for Matter or Style. However he got over this Difficulty, by employing a certain Person, who was willing to humour the Doctor, for the sake of a few Pistoles. To work they went, and hammer'd out a very elaborate Treatise in Answer to the *Prosyndic's* Case, wherein the Author (in the Name of Doctor *Salguod*) demonstrates to the World that he knew nothing of the matter in Dispute, of which he took Care to steer wide enough, but supply'd that Deficiency with Abundance of virulent, mean, personal Reflections against the *Paduan* Doctor. *Salguod* prepar'd all his Acquaintance for the Reception of this Piece, and was so impatient to appear in Print, that he treated the Public with an Advertisement in all the Papers, acquainting them that such a Day the famous Doctor *Salguod*, with all his Physicial Titles, was to commence Author, and favour the learned World with his precious Labours.

Labours. The Day came, and the blazing Star appear'd, but was clouded before Night; for it was no sooner peep'd into, but it smelt so Rank of Ignorance and Scandal that it was universally damn'd by all who had the least Regard to Truth and Decency. *Salguod* expected an Answer, but in vain; for the *Profyndic* undertook only to defend his Practice against Gentlemen, and Men of Letters, and not against Dirt and Scandal. Having thus commenc'd Author, our Doctor thought he might do any thing. He found every Day new Talents which had been hid from himself, and all the World before; At last he takes it into his head to turn Poet; tho' had he been to play at Crambo with School Boys, they would certainly have got the better: but he was not oblig'd to trade on his own Stock, and therefore not solicitous about his Abilities. If the Poetic God did not fire his Breast, that was not his Fault: In short, he was resolv'd to have at least Poetical Reputation at any Rate. He had no sooner thought of this Crotchet, than a Youth of about fifteen, just arriv'd from a School in the Doctor's own Country, came one Day to pay him a Visit, and presented him with a Copy of Verses, on no lower a Subject than the Resurrection, in order to have his Judgment of them. The Doctor lik'd them hugely, and from that Minute adopted the poetical Orphan, and call'd it by his own

Name. This was a second Opportunity of being publickly mention'd in Print ; tho' some thought it an odd Subject for a Physician and a Man-midwife to chose to write on, as they believe, when that Day comes, there are Numbers who will appear to have been hurried out of their Life by their Means. The Doctor valued himself much on this Performance ; and could not be put out of Conceit with it by all the Critics could say ; Their Notions about its puerile Stile, the triteness and poorness of its Thought, the harshness of the Numbers, the want of the *Vis Poetica* Spirit he attribut'd, no Doubt very justly, to Spleen, Malice and Ill-nature ; since it had all the Beauties he could conceive ; yet he speaks modestly of it in Print, which as it is the only Instance I can give of that Virtue in him, I cannot omit mentioning it. He concludes the Poem, I mean his Author concludes it in these Words,

* “ But why this Toil, to swell the tune-ful Strain

“ In Words, at best, but elegantly vain.”

Had he chang'd the Word *Elegantly* for *Execrably*, it had been the truest Comment that could be made on the Poem, as it is

* I have translated the *Spanish* Line almost literally.

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the only modest Thing the Doctor ever utter'd †.

The Doctor's Itch of Fame, Scribble and Scandal, daily encreas'd; tho' his Patients did not; but he was resolv'd once more to have a Brush with one of his Neighbours, to try if he could scold himself into the Practice of Mid-wifery. For this Purpose, he hires another Hackney Writer to abuse, in his Name, an eminent Professor of Man-mid-wifery. His Piece is highly season'd with his old Favourite, Scandal, no matter whether true or false, and he lays about him like a Madman, raving at the Ignorance and Stupidity

† A learned Critick (whose Name I am not allowed to mention) says, that what the Author of *The Town, a Satire*, lately published, observes of a Poem on the Resurrection by one Dr. *D--g--ss*, is truly applicable to that of Dr. *Salguod*. I shall quote the Passage from the *Town*, as it may give the Reader some Idea of *Salguod's* Piece, which has been long ago condemned to Oblivion.

D——s to those he had by Physick slain,
So sung to tell 'm how to rise again;
Finely describes how broken Members fly,
Odd Legs and Arms how bustle in the Sky:
(How vast the Genius that such Thoughts con-
tains!)

So then, if true be his prophetic Strains,
D——s perhaps may find his scatter'd Brains.

Vide *Town, a Satire*, p. 12.

Stupidity of both Antients and Moderns in that useful Branch. He tells us, ' The antient Doctors could afford no Help to the Distress'd, till they had first peep'd into their Case by the help of a *Speculum Matrice*, and had got a full View of that dark Region by the help of a Half-penny Candle. The Moderns, he says, laid aside the Candle and Lanthorn, and were contented to grope in the Dark, but then encumber'd themselves with a Parcel of useless Tools and Implements; but that for his Part he was resolv'd to follow neither of them, but do as he did on board the *Guinea Ship*, use only his Hand, which he says is so delicately form'd, that it ought to be cast in Brass, and no Man permitted to touch the Ladies, who cannot exactly parallel it in all its Beauties and Dimension's. He looks upon it, that the Profession of Mid-wifery depends chiefly on the Hand being small; whether he means that all the Members should correspond or not, I know not, but he absolutely denies that the Head, or Brain, or Intellect has any thing to do in the Matter: that the Professor's Hand should contain his Eyes, Judgement, and Understanding, which all ought to stand on the Tip of the Little Finger. He hints at some very great Inconveniencies attending large Hands being permitted to practice Midwifery; and desires that a general Survey may be made of all the

Women

Women in *Spain*, to try to settle the exact Bulk which they can permit a Hand to arrive at, which is destin'd for their Use; and till that is done, proposes that his own Hand shall be the Standard, and expressly prohibits the Gentleman he writes against to meddle with a *Vagina* on any Account till he has reduced his hand to the Standard-size, and stretched his Fingers to a Length suitable to the Ladies Occasions. He next discovers in this memorable Treatise, that Wood is not so strong as Steel; that it is the smoothest, strongest, and smallest Matter, of which a Forceps should be made, and therefore on Account of its smallness especially (for Minuteness, is a necessary Qualification in every Thing that enters that Part, according to him) he recommends it to the Doctor to lay aside his wooden Forceps, and to resume the small, stiff, polish'd Steel ones. It was the Doctor's Intention to have shown the Impropriety of this wooden Instrument, but whether his Author forgot it or the Doctor was lame in his Instructions, the Impropriety happens to be demonstrated in no other Place but the Title Page, except so far as I have hinted about Neatness and Smallness. But I am weary of the Doctor's Writings, since No-body reads them, and he can prevail on any body to answer them, it's in vain for me to give any further Account of them.

This,

This, Sir, is the Picture I promised; I hope you like it now it is finished; I am sure it has many of your Features, I need not subscribe your Name to it: All Mankind must know, No-body sat for such a Piece but the renowned Dr. Salguod: If you like the Sample I have given you of my Art, you may have more of it, at the Price of your scribbling a little more Scandal; nothing under that can oblige me to take up my Pencil; and till that Opportunity I desire to be numbered among your Friends, and am,

Léarned SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

GILL BLASS

F I N I S.

